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noble, the loved and honored, contributed by the different States according to their special prides and opportunities, was the commendable object of this collection, as already noted; and so a brief word of the particular State contributions.

But three States have as yet responded. A recent writer says: "In truth, a subscription drags heavily that contemplates a statute or mausoleum to a dead worthy or group of worthies. Either we must somehow lay a pipe to tap the treasury of a society, city, state or the nation, or else we must turn our 'tribute' to account as a library, museum, dining-room, or needed decoration. Then our Americanism sees the use of the outlay. Meade, the commander of the greatest battle of the continent, lacks a marble to his memory. Make the proposed tribute a 'Meade memorial,' with admission fees, and the money would be raised at once. Harvard College shapes the cenotaph to its young heroes of the war into an alumni hall, a structure useful and grateful."

Rhode Island was the first to fill her place in glory's niche, and a fitting choice has she made in the men to represent her—one, the pioneer of religious freedom—the other a military hero of imperishable fame. Roger Williams, who crossed the ocean to secure liberty of conscience and peace of soul for himself and the future millions of this continent, fitly represents the undaunted champion of soul liberty, diverted from duty neither by menace nor adulation. Clad in a gracefully flowing robe, he stands with head inclined and one hand extended, as if proclaiming his immortal principles; the other clasping the Bible to his heart.

The treatment is artistic. It is an ideal statue embodying purity and tenderness in expression, strength and power in the outline and pose of the head. It happily unites gentleness with force, while majesty of form is combined with almost feminine grace of attitude. There is a charm—a beauty in the *tout ensemble*—found rarely in the statues of real men—men who have combated with the world. "An air of divinity seems to stir within," as though the human form had walked and talked with immortals. The artist is Simmons.

The other statue from the same State is that of General Greene, of Revolutionary memory, surpassed only by Washington in prudence, sagacity and invaluable services. His form is the perfect model of the soldier. Epaulets adorn his shoulders, the long cavalry boots are prominent, the sword hanging from his belt, his cloak thrown upon his left arm while his right rests upon his hip; with head erect, lips compressed, his eyes seem intently fixed in the distance as if watching the movements of the battle-field. An entire contrast to the mien of the saintly reformer; yet in elegance of form, grace of attitude and felicitous disposition of drapery, it is equally spirited in design and successful in execution. This is the work of the artist H. K. Browne.

Connecticut was the next to contribute to this gallery her representatives, Sherman and Trumbull. Roger Sherman was a leading member of the Continental Congress and a signer of the Declaration of Independence; a man who had, by his own abilities, risen from the shoemaker's bench to eminence as a lawyer and legislator, distinguished alike for his talents and his virtues. On one occasion Mr. Jefferson was pointing out to a friend the different members of Congress. "That," said he, "is Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, the man who never said a foolish thing in his life:"—words that should be inscribed on his monument in letters of gold.

He appears dressed in the costume of his time—tight-fitting coat with high-standing collar, over which the cloak is thrown, revealing his right arm raised as if in debate.

His compeer, Jonathan Trumbull, a statesman and poet, was Governor of Connecticut, member of the National Congress and Judge of the Court of Errors. The author of "McFingal," a political satire of wide circulation, he did good service to the American cause. The term "Brother Jonathan," as applied to the United States, originated with his name. In form and drapery this statue is the exact counterpart of Sherman's, except that his right arm escapes from his cloak, in which he holds a document he is reading, addressed to "The Honorable Council and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, October, 1783." They are both noble figures, men of giant forms, and faces indicative of excellence of heart and power of intellect. The artist, C. B. Ives, has faithfully executed his work.

New York has as yet furnished only one statue,

but has a noble representative in George Clinton. Chosen Governor in 1777, when, in consequence of the distracted condition of the country, the situation was more arduous and important than that of any other save the general of the armies, he acquitted himself with great honor, not only in the executive chair, but as head of the militia. At the close of the war, when the feeling against Tories was very strong, a British officer was placed in a cart in New York City, to be tarred and feathered. This was a signal for disturbance and bloodshed. Governor Clinton rushed into the midst of the mob, with sword in hand, and rescued the officer at the peril of his own life. In 1805 he became Vice-President of the United States, which office he filled with equal dignity and ability.

He stands attired in knee-breeches and long stockings, his magnificent physique showing to good advantage in the then prevailing style. He holds his gloves in his left hand, leaning gracefully with his right hand upon his sword. The statue is in bronze, designed by H. K. Browne. New York has also ordered a statue of Edward Livingston, Secretary of State in 1831–1832. It is being executed in Italy by Palmer. New Jersey has also two statues by Browne, nearly ready: one of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and United States Senator; the other of Major-General Philip Kearney, who was killed in the late war of secession.

When all the States have made their contributions, and in breathing marble or imperishable bronze stand twice thirty-seven of our greatest, our wisest, truest men,—men who have labored, prayed and fought for our country, our statesmen, warriors, jurists, clergy,—when we see Webster, of giant intellect; Patrick Henry, with his glowing eloquence; Foote, of gentle Christian spirit; Thaddeus Stevens, of feeble form but devoted patriotism; Stanton, of iron will; Farragut, of heroic bravery, lashed to the mast; and Sumner, "the noblest Roman of them all," besides many that still live,—it would seem almost as if "the New Jerusalem had come down," and the glorified dead were again tenantry these old halls.

One picture only has been purchased for these walls, "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone," the famous picture by Thomas Moran, whose name is so familiar to our readers. It seems very appropriate to exhibit a picture of scenery from our grand national park, in this our National Capitol. Mr. Moran has shown his rare ability in selecting this grandest of all scenes; for the artist's power consists as much in his judgment in selection as in his treatment of a subject, but in this painting the execution and finish are fully equal to the boldness of the design. The grandeur of the scene has given vigor to his pencil, and the softness and brilliancy of the color lends inspiration to his brush. We stand entranced before this gorgeous display of Dame Nature, opening a pathway for this shining stream amid the immense boulders, and through this mighty cañon, till, foaming and dashing, it leaps headlong, then rises in a tissue of floating spray, and hastening on, it threads its way with a clear, cerulean hue, through its narrow bed to our very feet. The glory of an eternal sunset shines upon these rugged cliffs, and the brilliant hues of an autumnal forest gild rock and fern, while the dark verdure of midsummer envelops the trees. In the far-off distance, in dreamy whiteness rise the geysers of the valley, emitting their warm, sulphurous breath.

Another large painting, by Theodore Kaufmann, of Washington, D. C., is on exhibition in this room. It represents Columbus appearing before the literati and cosmographers of his day, at the request of Ferdinand, to explain his proposition of a western passage to the Indies. In the centre foreground, Columbus stands, with a map in his hand representing two hemispheres. At the left are three monks, who with upturned hands and indignant countenances, express most emphatically the absurdity of the proposition. In the centre of the background are a group who are endeavoring to prove the fallacy of the idea that the earth is round, by showing that the inhabitants would drop off, as the cross, which one of the wiseacres holds in his hand, drops from the globe. A group at the right appears to be examining some strange-looking relics Columbus has brought from the Western world. Some monks are seated at a table examining a map of the world, drawn in the sixth century, and recognized as correct, representing the earth as oblong, supported by columns. In the left of the background two dignitaries are discussing, with evi-

dent anxiety, the danger to the true faith involved in this proposition. Only one, who stands alone, appears to listen with interested attention; all the rest are scornful or faint-hearted.

The composition of the piece is effective and the grouping spirited. The picture will repay diligent study. The brush is teaching history most powerfully. The contrast in the determined face and hardy features of the stern sailor to the obese and prejudiced monks, who even scorn to listen, is excellent. It is a grand painting, and a very appropriate subject for these walls. It is to be hoped that the \$10,000 already appropriated by Congress "for works of art to embellish the Capital," will secure this prize, and at the same time reward home talent.

A splendid commencement has been made, and if the grand design of adorning the Capitol with choice works of art be carried out, this magnificent structure will become doubly the ornament of our country. Charles Sumner, eminent as a connoisseur no less than a statesman, has pertinently said: "Surely this edifice, so beautiful and interesting, should not be opened to the rude experiment of untried talent. It ought not to receive, in the way of ornamentation, anything which is not a work of art. There should not be a single ornament put upon this great civic building without an intellectual intention. Every human action gains in honor, in grace, by its regard to things to come. There is no action nor art whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore when we build a public building, let us think that we build it forever. Let us remember that a time is to come when men will say, 'See, this our fathers did for us.'" And in the fortunate experience of older nations, in employing great masters to superintend national erections and decorations, and in the mingled fortunate and unfortunate experience of our own, in obeying or disregarding this law of propriety,—is to be found the strongest reason for looking to it, now while it is not yet too late, that only talent be employed in either decorating or superintending the Capitol.

—Mrs. E. A. Wiswall.

RESCUES AT SEA.

"THEY that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," these not only learn "the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," but they occasionally come to understand how nearly all the force, wisdom, and energy of a ship's company are often employed to their whole extent in securing the safety of the "ship in which they sail"—how almost superhuman is the exertion necessary, in fearful storm, and often in partial or absolute darkness, to rescue those on board other vessels, when in the most imminent danger—how much, often so carelessly read and so soon forgotten, is really conveyed by the announcement that "The ship *Resolute*, arrived yesterday, reports heavy weather throughout the passage. Fell in, 12th, during the severe hurricane from the S. W., with the brig *Jane*, of Scarborough, dismasted and in a sinking condition. Lowered a boat, and succeeded in saving three persons—all who remained on board—and bringing them to this port." How much of iron will, acted upon by Godlike pity and benevolence, may have been employed in this rescue—how much of the deadliest danger may have been braved to do this first duty of the true seaman and succor the perishing,—who can know or guess, except those who have seen the great sea in its wrath, and learned how fragile are the works of man that are sent to brave it?

We give in this number a picture of great interest, strong in itself, in subject and handling—and yet only feebly portraying one of those grand scenes in sailor-life. The incident commemorated is the rescue of the crew of the ship *Assyria*, of Newcastle, England, bound from Quebec to Plymouth, with lumber, by the officers and crew of the White Star steamship *Baltic*, Captain Kennedy, which took place on Wednesday, November 20th, 1872. The ship had been seriously damaged by the gale and heavy sea, on the Sunday previous, and was at the time waterlogged and literally sinking. Two boats were manned from the *Baltic*, in spite of the heavy sea running, and under the command of the second and third officers they succeeded in saving nineteen men who had been for two days clinging to the rigging. So marked was the exhibition of heroism in this rescue, that on the evening of the same day, under the auspices of Hon. Charles Sumner, ex-Senator Gwin, Captain Watmough, U. S. N., and other passengers, a contribution of £85 10s. 6d. was raised,

to be distributed among the participating officers and crew, and to aid in supplying the needs of the rescued mariners; while the press, on both sides of the Atlantic, on learning the circumstances, did full justice to the courage displayed, in pictorial and verbal illustrations of the event. No pictorial illustration thus far given, however, can be compared in graphic force and truth, with that which we now have the privilege of presenting. As a pendant to this event, and as an evidence that the successful White Star Line has fully vindicated the claim of its officers and crew to the Viking character of bravery in mercy—only about a week later, on the 1st of December, the *Adriatic*, of the same line, rescued, under scarcely less difficult and dangerous circumstances, the crew of the ship *Allan*, of Glasgow, also in a sinking condition, and after three other steamers had passed without rendering any assistance.

Only two days earlier than the rescue by the *Baltic*, and in the same series of violent storms then breaking over the whole Atlantic, occurred another succor, not more notable, but having the advantage of the presence of one of those irrepressible men of letters, whom nothing escapes, either in observation or relation. The bark *Charles Ward*, also of Newcastle, was fallen in with, at near mid-ocean, on the 19th of November, 1872, by the Cunard steamer *Batavia*, Captain Mouland, from Liverpool for Boston. The bark had been dismasted in a hurricane, on the morning of the 18th, with loss of more than half her crew, and was then in nearly a sinking condition. In defiance of the fearful sea still raging, the *Batavia* launched a life-boat, took on board and saved all the survivors. Fortunately for the prominence of the incident, and to some extent for the officers and crew of the ship, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, the well-known humorist "Mark Twain," was on board the *Batavia* at the time of the rescue; and in his favorite blending of jest and earnest (though in this instance the latter largely predominating, while one of his concluding touches of the former is inimitable and among his best), he on landing at once addressed an account of the rescue to the British Royal Humane Society, in the interest of the brave men whom he had thus seen "at their best." We append most of his account, as the best illustration that can be given, at once of that incident, of the picture to which we have referred, and of the class of thrilling adventures which it commemorates:

"On Sunday night a strong west wind began to blow, and not long after midnight it increased to a gale. By four o'clock the sea was running very high. At half-past seven our starboard bulwarks were stove in and the water entered the main saloon. At a later

hour the gangway on the port side came in with a crash, and the sea followed, flooding many of the state-rooms on that side. At the same time a sea crossed the roof of the vessel, and carried away one of our boats, splintering it to pieces, and taking one of the davits with it. At half-past nine the glass was down to 28° 35' and the gale was blowing with a severity which the officers say is not experienced oftener than once in five or ten years. The storm continued during the day and all night, and also all day yesterday but with moderated violence. At four o'clock in the afternoon, a dismasted vessel was sighted. A furious squall had just broken upon us, and the sea was running mountains high, to use the popular expression. Nevertheless, Captain Mouland immediately bore up for the wreck, which was making signals of distress, ordered out a

when anything has alternately so stirred me through and through, and then disheartened me, as it did to see the boat every little while get almost close enough, and then be hurled three lengths away again by a prodigious wave; and the darkness settling down all the time. But at last they got the line and buoy aboard, and after that we could make out nothing more. Presently we discovered the boat approaching us, and found she had saved every soul—nine men. They had had to drag these men, one at a time, through the sea to the life-boat, with the line and buoy, for of course they did not dare to touch the plunging vessel with the boat. The peril increased now, for every time the boat got close to our lee, our ship rolled over on her and hid her from sight. But our people managed to haul the party aboard, one at a time, without losing a man, though I said they would lose every single one of them. I am therefore but a poor success as a prophet. As the fury of the squall had not diminished, and as the sea was so heavy, it was feared we might lose some men if we tried to hoist the life-boat aboard; so she was turned adrift by the captain's orders, poor thing, after helping in such a gallant deed.

To speak by the log, and to be accurate, Captain Mouland gave the order to change our ship's course, and bear down toward the wreck, at fourteen minutes past four, in the afternoon. At fifteen minutes past five our ship was under way again with those nine poor devils on board; that is to say, this admirable thing was done in a tremendous sea, and in the face of a hurricane, in sixty minutes by the watch; and if your honorable Society should be moved to give to Captain Mouland and his boat's crew that reward which a sailor prizes and covets above all other distinctions, the Royal Humane Society's medal, the parties whose names are signed to this paper will feel as grateful as if they themselves were the recipients of this great honor. The wrecked bark was the *Charles Ward*, Captain Bell, bound from Quebec to Scotland, with lumber. The vessel went over on her beam ends at nine o'clock, Monday morning, and eleven men were washed overboard and lost. Captain Bell and eight men remained, and these our boat saved. They had been in the main rigging some thirty-one hours, without food or water, and were so frozen and exhausted that when we got them aboard they could hardly speak, and the minds of several of them were wandering. The wreck was out of the ordinary track of vessels, and was fifteen hundred miles from land. She was in the centre of the Atlantic. Our life-boat crew of volunteers consisted of the following: D. Gillies, third officer; H. Kyle, fourth officer; Nicholas Foley, quartermaster; Henry Foley, quartermaster; Nathaniel Clark, quartermaster; Thomas Henry, seaman; John Park, seaman; Richard Brennan, seaman. * * If I have been of any service toward rescuing the nine shipwrecked human beings by standing around the deck in a furious storm

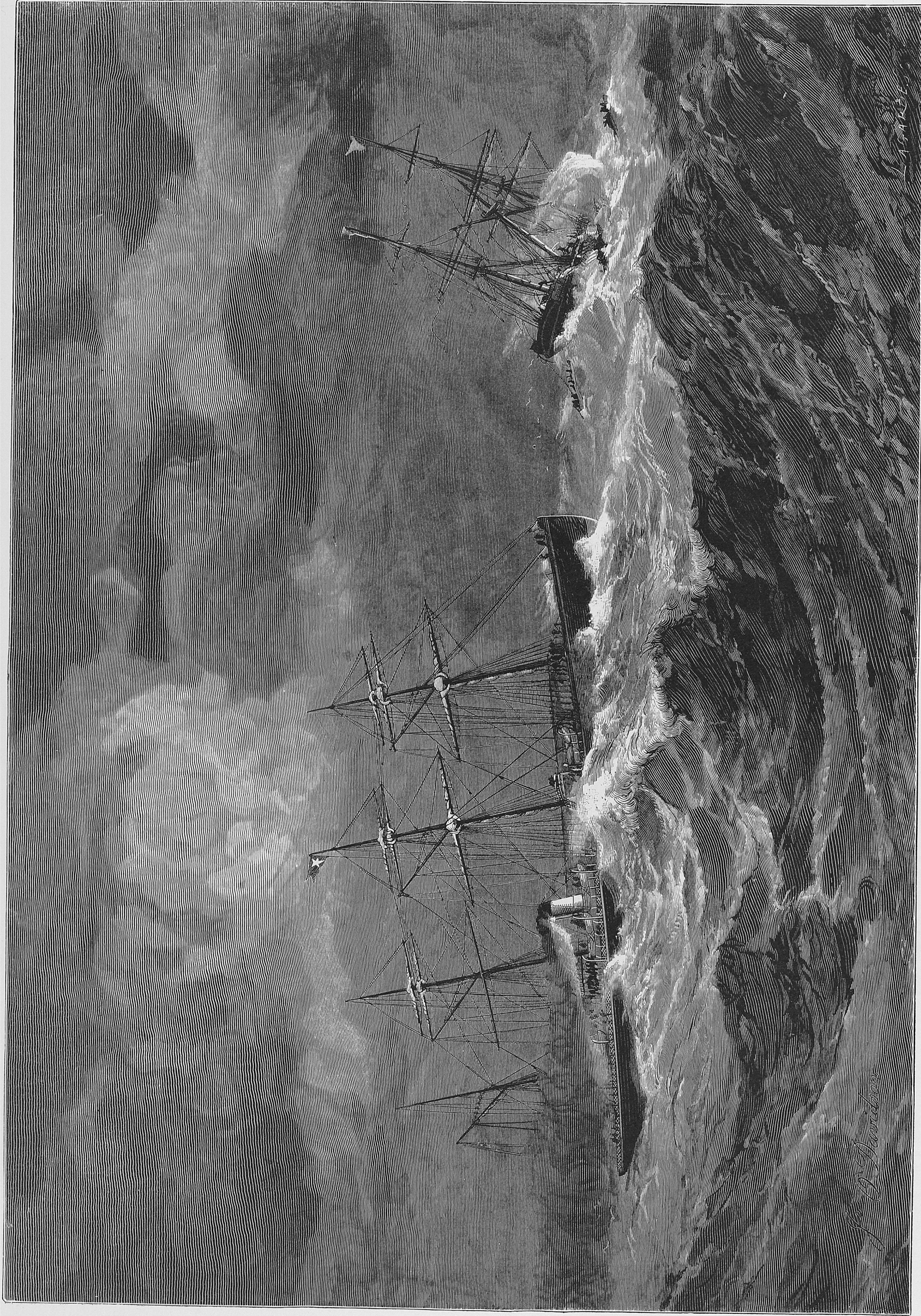
without any umbrella, keeping an eye on things and seeing that they were done right, and yelling whenever a cheer seemed to be the important thing, I am glad and I am satisfied. I ask no reward. I would do it again under the same circumstances. But what I do plead for earnestly and sincerely is, that the Royal Humane Society will remember our captain and our life-boat crew, and in so remembering them increase the high honor and esteem in which the Society is held all over the civilized world. In this appeal our passengers all join with hearty sincerity, and in testimony thereof will sign their names. Begging that you will pardon me, a stranger, for addressing your honored Society with such confidence and such absence of ceremony, and trusting that my motives may redeem my manner, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant."

All honor to the brave men, who, at peril to their own, save the lives of the perishing, at sea!



NORTHERN WALL OF THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA. — G. DORÉ.

life-boat, and called out for volunteers. To a landsman it seemed like deliberate suicide to go out in such a storm, but our third and fourth officers and eight men answered to the call with a promptness that compelled a cheer. They carried a long line with them, several life-buoys, and a lighted lantern, for the atmosphere was murky with the storm, and sunset was not far off. The wreck, a bark, was in a pitiful condition. Her main-mast was naked; her mizzen-mast and her bowsprit were gone, and her fore-mast was but a stump wreathed and cumbered with a ruin of sails and cordage from the fallen foretop-gallant masts and yards. We could see nine men clinging to the main rigging. The stern of the vessel was gone, and the sea made a clean breach over her, pouring in a cataract out of the broken stern, and spouting through the parted planks of her bows. Our boat pulled three hundred yards, and approached the wreck on the lee side. Then it had a hard fight, for the waves and the wind beat it constantly back. I do not know



THE RESCUE. — J. O. DAVIDSON.